

She Loved, She Lied, She Killed

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Summary: She was a demon. A demon who yearned to live on Earth. She felt no craving to kill and no delight in depression. She decided she'd do anything to get out of there. And so she did.

1. True Love Doesn't Last Forever

He sat, his feet tied to the chair legs and his arms tied behind his back. He was slumped over, his eyes focusing on the leak from the ceiling. He flinched every time a drop hit the gravel. The look in his eyes - his intense, electric blue eyes that you could stare at for hours on end - was one of utter frustration and despair. His thick, chestnut hair was tangled and dirty, yet still effortlessly beautiful at the same time. The shirt he was wearing had its buttons undone; revealing a large wound on his defined and tanned abs. Blades of glass were shattered on the ground, and he had cut his left foot on a shard. He didn't know where he could be, how he got there, or who he was. He was missing something - some part of him - that he couldn't place his finger on.

She was going to take advantage of the situation. She was going to use his confusion and aggravation against him. She rimmed her piercing green eyes with black eyeliner and mascara, and curled her platinum white hair. She slipped into a short black cocktail dress which fit incredibly, accentuating her skinny yet curvy figure. She wore white, 10 inch heels that made her already model tall body look superhuman, not that she wasn't already.

His body language changed from miserable and lonely to one of surprise and gratitude when she walked in. "I have been waiting for you." He said. "I know you have." She smirked, winking and tossing her icy curls over her shoulder. "I missed you." She strode over to him. "Me too." She couldn't help the smile forming on her face. "I missed you so, so much." She held out her hand and inspected it, pushing her cuticles back before the nail was replaced with a sharp claw. She walked behind him, giggling, then with one slash of her hand the rope that tied his hands back fell to the floor. He sighed

with relief and grabbed his hands, rubbing his wrists to ease the pain. She did the same to his legs, and he stood up and laughed. "Thank you." She picked up the chair with her left hand and threw it across the room. It hit the stone wall and broke in two. She spat into her hands and rubbed it on the wound across his chest and the scratch on his foot. They instantly disappeared. "I wanted you to be looking your best for our last meeting." She said, before lunging at him. They fell to the ground, her on top of him. She kissed him passionately for a minute, before standing up, brushing herself off, and undressing. Her silk dress fell to the floor and she kicked her stilettos off. "Well?" She asked impatiently. He ripped off his shirt and unbuttoned his jeans. "Sorry." He mumbled. He walked towards her, smiling. He picked her up and- "wait!" She yelled. He placed her gently back onto the ground. "What?" He asked, an annoyed tone in his voice. "Let's wait." She whispered. "Wait?"

"Yes. Let's take it slow."

"Why?"

"Because I have something a little better than intercourse planned. It's a surprise."

"Well, can we at least go first or second base?"

She nodded and bent down to kiss him. They felt chills down their spines when their lips met. The craving, the passion, the hunger they felt for each other was so strong, it was excruciating to be without one another. He held her neck upright with his strong grip, his fingers running through her hair. He forced his tongue through the part in her lip, and pulled her to her feet. They stood face to face, feeling each others hot breath. Her curls had lost their bounce and his hair was even more tangled than before. They continued to kiss for a long, magical, zealous time.

"Are you ready for your surprise?" She asked seductively, leaping into his arms. He shook his head obediently. "Okay then. Close your eyes." She giggled, walking a few paces behind him. Her nails turned into claws, and two sharp teeth shot out of her mouth. He skin turned white, and her eyes turned as red as a rose. The lingerie she was wearing ripped and exposed the tattoos and markings on her body. She let out a painful scream, and her eyes rolled back. "Are y-you okay?" He squeaked, but didn't open his eyes. He wasn't a fool, he knew to obey her. "Delightful." She replied. "Now-" she walked up to him, so close, there was less than an inch of space between them. "-open." He opened his eyes for less than a second, because after the screech of a claw and the curse she yelled, he lay motionless on the concrete, succumbed into a chamber of death.

2. Airhead doesn't know about Jake Thorn!

She hadn't been out of her home for nearly two months. All day, every day, she dressed up in different ball gowns, did her hair in elegant styles (her favourite being the French roll), put on dark, waterproof make up and either sat gracefully on her bed in sorrow, looking incredibly beautiful, even with the tragic expression she wore, or perched on the seat of her dresser, looked straight into the mirror with her amber eyes burning through the glass, and cried while still looking stunning. She couldn't help it. She was a hopeless romantic.

So the day she decided to walk out of her home (mainly because it was becoming extremely stuffy), she had no idea what was happening in Hades. This meant she had no idea about Jake Thorn.

She exchanged the flamboyant ball gowns for her usual promiscuous ensemble (which today included a t-shirt that said "Big Daddy can be my Daddy any day", ripped charcoal shorts, a necklace with a huge cross on it which had engraved on the back "Lucifer's Death Symbol" and 10-inch high heels.). Her French rolls transformed into her white icy hair in high pigtails and her dark makeup wasâ€|well, darker than ever. She looked satisfyingly in the mirror.

She hesitated, before reluctantly pushing the front door open. A mass of demons were walking down the street, yelling "RIP HIS HEAD OFF, SLIT HIS WRISTS, JAKE LOST TO AN ANGEL, 'CAUSE HE'S A POWERLESS, WIMPY DICK!" in a sort of sing-songy way. As if it were a nursery rhyme they were singing to their kids, but more rowdy and deathly.

She knew a smile of wicked glee should have spread across her face. She knew she should joined them, singing evil words in a cheerful tone. But she was upset. More than upset, devastated. Depressed. Shattered. Confused. Frustrated. She loved him, she lied to him, and then finally, she killed him. The whole scenario kind of reminded her of "Of Mice and Men" but of course, demon version.

But the thing that made her whole body shiver though was the fact that she **was** devastated, depressed, shattered, confused and frustrated. She was a demon. She would go to the pits daily and torture people in different ways. She'd shove them into an oven, bake them at 5,000 degrees and eat them for lunch. She'd slit their throats. Crush their bones. Yet, she never reallyâ€|enjoyed the experience. It felt like a chore, something she had to do, not something she wanted to do. The demons around her would wear a face of pure joy. They'd endure pleasure with every cut, burn and stab. But over the years, she almost developed a pang of compassion for her victims. Why did she feel like this? Why wasn't she enjoying torturing innocent preys? Why was she sympathetic of them? She didn't understand. She was a demon without the hunger to torture. What was her purpose?

Demons shoved past her. She stood there, an upset expression on her face. She was suddenly taken away from her heartbreaking day-dream.

"What's wrong? Like Jake? You actually like that wimpy-ass? I'm Lila, president of the 'Jake Thorn's a Stupid Idiot' fan club. I swear Jake's got a brain as big as his balls." Lila paused for a moment, laughing at her own joke. When Lila finally looked up, all she saw was a blank look. "Not big." Lila assured her. Another vacant look.

"What's your name, airhead?"

The question she had been dreading. She didn't actually know her name. She woke up in an apartment when she was 12 years old, and that was all she could remember. Oddly enough, since then, no one had ever asked her what her name even was.

"Um, Izia." She finally said.

"Took you long enough to figure it out." Lila smirked.

Ignoring the jab, Izia replied. "Uh, who exactly is Jake Thorn?"

Lila gave her a look that basically said "What the hell? How can you not know who Jake Thorn is?"

"Well, I mean, I know who he is and all and, you know, what he did and stuff, I'm just, uh, wondering what other demons, you know, thought about it." She babbled.

"Airhead." Lila shook her head. Izia noticed a little bit of a southern twang in her voice. "I thought you could tell, airhead. Look at what us demons are singing. Pretty obvious what we think about 'make my stomach ache' Thorn."

The knot in Izia's chest became tighter. "Well, you know, I'd love to hear it from the president of 'Jake Thorn's an Idiot' fan club." She smiled, hoping it didn't look as fake as it felt.

"It's actually 'Jake Thorn's a Stupid Idiot' fan club. But you, airhead, would NOT notice. Anyway, Jake basically wanted to have sex with this angel, Bethany. But Bethany's boyfriend and her angel friends came and saved the whole friggin' day. Thorn was beaten by one of the angels. Gabriel, I think. Humiliated the whole of Hades. Anyway, I gotta go. My brain is going to explode into teeny tiny shatters if I spend one more moment talking about 'you know who'. I'm not talking about Voldemort, sweetheart." Lila winked. "By the way, I love your top. Totally slutty." Cackling, she strutted away.

Izia stood there for a few moments. She realized she didn't even care about Jake Thorn. There was something else in her heart. Something else she was too scared to admit. Something she was too scared to even think about. She was glad Bethany got away. She wished she was Bethany.

She hated being a demon. She was going to get out of Hades. And she sure as hell wasn't coming back.

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